

"MODERN LIFE," May 17, 1913.

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Modern Life

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Modern Man

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ONE PENNY.



OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Modern Life

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Week ending May 17.

One Penny.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Queen's Alarm at the Antics of the Suffragettes.

The effort to "squash" the Suffragette movement had its origin in Queen Mary's alarm at the designs which the Militant Section have been making to bring their aims directly home to the Royal Family. For some months past schemes have been discussed in the Suffragette conclave with this object, and all sorts of precautions have been taken in the Royal residences in order to frustrate these plans. One of the plots had for its object no less nefarious a design than the setting fire to the White Lodge in Richmond Park. This Royal residence is now occupied by Lord Farquhar, and for weeks past the place has been patrolled by day and night in order to circumvent the plot. Another idea was to create a scene at the King's Court, and it has been known for a long time that strenuous efforts have been made to obtain the necessary "commands" to appear at the May Courts, through certain influential members of Society who are in sympathy with the movement.

Every request for a "command" has been submitted to the keenest test, and the Lord Chamberlain has had a quite terrible time lately, lest a "command" be sent out which might get into the hands of the enemies of law and order. Several expected commands have consequently not been sent out, and there is much chagrin in certain quarters in consequence. Queen Mary has also instructed those in charge of her children to be specially watchful, her Majesty being obsessed with the idea that one of the princes might be temporarily kidnapped in order to force the King to recognise the power of the Suffragettes.

Poverty-Pleading Duke.

Some of our notable Society leaders are still kicking at Mr. Lloyd George's land taxes. It is really pitiable the attempts some of our lordly celebrities make to appear ill-used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not the least pitiable amongst them is the Duke of Devonshire. His Grace not long ago announced that henceforth he would be unable to keep any racehorses, and now he has notified his intention of giving up his well-known Eastbourne pack of foxhounds. There is no doubt that the death duties on the Devonshire estates have touched His Grace on the raw, but there can really be little reason for all this cheeseparing. It is not so long ago that the present Duke was so hard up that he was compelled to disperse some of the flocks of the historic Southdown sheep, which for generations had

been reared on his Eastbourne estates, all in order to a paltry three or four thousand pounds.

Where the Pinch of Lloyd-Georgism is Really Felt.

Yet the Duke of Devonshire is one of the most powerful individuals in the world. Without ever having a hand's turn for it, he went up from being Duke of Devonshire to be ninth Duke of Devonshire, with a rent roll of not less than 186,000 acres a year. He is the owner of no less than 186,000 acres, and some of the finest mansions in Britain. Chatsworth, which annually draws thousands of visitors to marvel at its magnificence, is his; in Ireland he has a lovely place, Lismore Castle, in County Waterford; Yorkshire has him with miles of sporting moors on the Bolton estate, where he annually entertains his King; and Derbyshire has him with wick Hall stands in Derbyshire as a reminder to the world of his historic lineage; and Eastbourne has him with a toll practically out of every copper that goes through a flourishing watering-place.

Yet His Grace is always pleading poverty! The matter is, the Duke is obsessed with his exalted position (his wife is Queen Mary's most intimate personal friend) and he thinks by telling the tale often enough to make Lloyd George and his party unpopular. It is our duty to inform the Duke, with all respect, that nothing he says about politics makes the slightest difference. The simple reason that complaints from such as he come from the wrong source to evoke sympathy. It is not the Duke of Devonshire who owns hundreds of thousands of acres whose complaints it is the owners of a dozen or two acres—they are the who feel the pinch of Lloyd-Georgism!

Sidelights on the Cottenham Tragedy.

The tragic death of the late Countess of Cottenham reminds us that she and her twin sister were for many years the most potent illustration in the English aristocracy of the wickedness of some Society marriages. The papers have been full of Lady Cottenham's death-story, but there have been some side-lights upon it of which the public knows nothing. It was in 1866 that the Marquess of Abergavenny, one of the proudest lineage and the Blood Royal, and the owner of lovely old Eridge Castle in Sussex, became the father of two beautiful twin daughters, who were, by the way, ninth and tenth children. The Nevills had been ruined by depression, and Lord Abergavenny was compelled to leave his establishment, and give up the lavish hospitality which had been formerly dispensed at Eridge, and at his ancestral home in Wales. As his children grew up, they proved a refractory lot, and Lord Abergavenny had the task of his life to keep them straight. With an unruly brood of sons, Lord Abergavenny may be said to have spent his life for trying to get his daughters off his hands at the earliest possible moment.

How Lord Abergavenny Disposed of His Daughters.

In this his Lordship was distinctly successful. None of the Ladies Nevill made "brilliant" matches, but they married very comfortably, however, from the material point of view. The eldest, Lady Cicely, married the present Earl of Cranbrook's brother, who was a "lift" indeed for the Gathorne-Hardys, for though now forgotten, scored a barony, a viscounty, and an earldom off his own bat, all as the result of having defeated Mr. Stone as M.P. for Oxford. The next of Lord Abergavenny's daughters to go off was Lady Alice Nevill, who was a Major Morland, and died fourteen years ago. The third, Lady Idina Nevill, married a rich man, whose father was the son of a man who made a million out of the spreading of railway metals over this country at the beginning of last century.

His name was Thomas Brassey, and his son is the Earl Brassey, and it was his son, now Viscount Hyndes, who became the husband of Lady Idina Nevill in 1880. At that time the twins were growing up, and Lord Abergavenny set about the task of finding husbands for them at the earliest possible moment.

"Only a Bit of Cardboard."

Unfortunately, his Lordship was only too successful. Lady Rose was scarcely out of her teens when a rich squire from Bedfordshire came along with a proposal for marriage for Lady Rose, in the person of Mr. Leigh. This gentleman had an interesting parentage



A TICKLISH POSITION FOR A YOUNG BACHELOR WITH A WEAK HEART.

mother was the once-famous Madame de Falbe. She had been Mrs. Blundell Leigh and by Mr. Leigh's death she had become the owner of the famous Bute estate, Luton Hoo, where Queen Mary received her first proposal of marriage, that from King George's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. Mr. Blundell Leigh was out for an aristocratic alliance, but he was a young man of jovial instincts, and no proper match for the tender-hearted and refined Lady Rose Nevill. Mr. Leigh had kept a woman before he met Lady Rose, and he made no secret of the fact. However, Lady Rose went through the marriage ceremony with him, and they settled down on fighting terms. The photograph of Mr. Leigh's light o' love was ever before his wife's eyes, but she was too indifferent to care. It lay about in her drawing-room, an object of daily admiration to Mr. Leigh, and if his wife felt snubbed and hurt at its existence, she hid it disdainfully beneath her armour of aristocratic hauteur, and refused to object to its figuring in her house. This may seem small talk about a photograph, but that bit of cardboard was destined to play a big part in Lady Rose's tragedy later on.

The Beautiful Nevill Twins.

Meanwhile, her twin sister had been married to young Earl Cowley, and so Lord Abergavenny's twins were both fighting for happiness against the same kind of odds. However, the Blundell Leigh *ménage* came to an end at last. The one child of the match had helped its parents to hang together for years after the parting should have come, but destiny cannot be flouted, and when young Earl Cottenham arrived in the Bicester country as Master of the local pack and literally "hung up his hat" at Stratton Audley House, the owner of that mansion was soon shamed into taking proceedings for a divorce. At last Lady Rose was free once more, but not for long. No sooner had the decree *nisi* been made absolute than Lord Cottenham did "the right thing," and made Lady Rose "Countess of Cottenham," although she was years older than himself, and he was only twenty-four at the time. The young couple went to live quietly at Goring, where Lady Cottenham was found dead a few days ago.

Three sons were born of the match. But all was not so plain sailing as it might appear. For one thing Lady Cottenham had a very unusual source of unpleasantness to put up with for many years. This was the depredations of a woman who impersonated her in various parts of the world, and ordered goods from all sorts of tradesmen on her

account. This annoyance became so frequent that Lady Cottenham was compelled to send her photograph to the Australian papers in order to protect herself against further frauds. The woman who so cleverly impersonated the Countess was no ignorant trickster, but a refined person with a kink, produced by being "crossed in love." One of the papers the other day referred to this incident, but did not tell the secret story underlying it. So here it is.

Why Lady Cottenham Tolerated Persecution.

For eighteen years the new Countess of Cottenham was subjected, both before and after marriage, to the annoyance of the woman, Rose Robinson. No action, however, was taken, and Lady Cottenham never once saw the woman during that time. It will be wondered why such a persecution should be tolerated by the Countess. The reason was simple, however. The woman who called herself "Lady Rose Cottenham" was the subject of the photograph that used to evoke the sighs of Lady Cottenham's first husband, and with whom he had lived before he married Lord Abergavenny's daughter.

And as Lady Rose had presented her first husband with a daughter, now the well-known Miss Honor Leigh, Lady Cottenham preferred to tolerate persistent fraud for years, rather than go into a court of law, and have the family skeleton dragged out before the eyes of the public. Mr. Blundell Leigh has since married one of the daughters of the late Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe, and has thereby achieved connections in the Peerage as great as those of his first wife, the late Lady Cottenham.

It may be added that the woman who for so many years impersonated her rival in the affections of Mr. Blundell Leigh really suffered from the delusion that she was "Lady Rose Cottenham," and is now, we believe, in a lunatic asylum.

Lord Castlereagh Asking for a Snub.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry have been much upset this last few days by the operation which has had to be performed upon their only son, Viscount Castlereagh, but his Lordship is going along all right, and seems like to live to experience some of his father's bitterness of spirit in the days when he was known by the Castlereagh title. The Heir of Londonderry is going to fight the Kensington borough at the next General Election—if there ever is one!—and the attempt is not a little plucky on his Lordship's part. The Stewarts are rich beyond the dreams of



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "CAP AND BELL(E)S."

avarice, but there are some things that money will *not* do, and it will not win an election. Lord Castlereagh can learn this lesson from his sire. Forty years ago the then Lord Castlereagh left Oxford to plunge into the vortex of politics. He had a big part to play, and he is still playing it.

The influence of Londonderry House, which is in Park Lane, radiates easily to the "Royal Borough," and so Lord Castlereagh stood for South Kensington in the Conservative interest. It seemed a sure thing for the aristocratic youngster, but he was badly beaten, and he left South Kensington in disgust. He would have nothing more to do with the place, and when next he tried for a seat it was for Montgomery, where the Stewart and Shrewsbury influence is most potent (Lady Londonderry is a daughter of the 10th Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot). But not even there did Lord Londonderry find a refuge in the Commons, and his Lordship was compelled to the ignominy of going back to his own Irish county of Down, and being put up for what is neither more nor less than a pocket borough. So Lord Londonderry's son is in for an unpleasant repetition of family history should he get snubbed by the South Kensingtonians!

A Friend of King George.

A nobleman who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth is Lord Wolverton, with whom the King dined at Newmarket when he went down for the "Guineas." That was by no means the first time his Lordship had been host to his King. In days of yore Lord Wolverton was known as a very martinet when he was Press Censor in South Africa, but his popularity remains undimmed, and he is amongst the sleekest sights in the Jockey Club stand at Newmarket on race days. His income is well over fifty thousands a year, so he can afford to be nice to the monarch, or anyone else, for that matter. His money comes from Glyn Mills and Co.'s bank, but he had no expectation of ever possessing it when he arrived at man's estate.

He was a younger son, though not by any means in the position of most younger sons of the peerage. However, his elder brother had not been Lord Wolverton for more than a few months when he died very suddenly, and his present Lordship came into everything. He married the only sister of the popular Earl of Dudley, and has been doing things ever since. He is a daring hunter of big game, a great favourite with everybody, a yachtsman, and a keen shot. The title was the reward of his lordship's grandfather, Admiral Glyn, and was conferred something less than half a century ago, and is destined to pass to a young gentleman who has the Princess Victoria for godmother.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in part of the country information regarding local affairs matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

No Votes for Women.

The Women's Suffrage Bill met with its inevitable last Tuesday. Nothing but rejection could be expected. Members must keep an eye on their constituencies. There is not the slightest doubt that a general election on this specific point would inflict an overwhelming defeat on the "movement." That being so it behoves the upholders of the Cause (with a capital "C") to make an effort—long and prolonged—to educate the country to their way of thinking. That is the only method by which the Cause has paved for great reforms, and it is a method which has been sadly neglected. The sane and sensible women have been set aside while the others indulged in absolutely useless technicalities, and thus the whole cause has been set back for years. We take it that women will get the vote if they want it—who could stop them? The trouble is that the great majority of the sex are entirely apathetic and positively hostile, and until the sex as a whole is converted it is useless to expect the suffrage to be granted by Parliament. In any case, in spite of Mr. Asquith's opinion, we contend that Parliament has no right to make sweeping changes in the constitution without consulting the electors. Minor legislation Parliament and the Cabinet may initiate, but no Cabinet and no Parliament does not want to force on the country what the country does not want. The attitude is that women have no inherent right to the vote, and the argument that they should have the vote because they pay taxes would apply equally forcibly to foreigners who reside in this country without being naturalised. We do not see the faintest objection to giving the public security to giving the vote, for the simple reason that we believe it would make practically no difference to the policy of the country. We should probably have a proportion of plausible, specious, bombastic, and monious hypocrites in Parliament than is the case at present, but otherwise there would be little difference. Of the dragging in by the heels of such things as the White Paper in the abstract, is so much moonshine—merely drawing a red herring across the trail. Every man and every woman knows that nobody is so merciless to a woman as her own sex.

Renaissance of the Hired Bravo.

As for the militants, we imagine the public is weary of their death of them—an effect which was probably desired, which has not panned out exactly as the militants expected. The policy of continually "nagging" a husband always result in his giving the "nagger" a husband. Something else she wants, just for the sake of peace. That is he gets annoyed and kicks over the traces. That is the thing like the attitude of the British public at present. It is certainly not alleviated by the discovery of the pinchbeck martyrs who have been loudly shrieking for equality with man, and then using their sex to escape punishment—martyrdom without the martyr's pangs—are more nor less than hired "bravos," who specialise in the for the sake of pay. It takes the gilt off the gingerbread doesn't it? However, the militant suffragettes are a small, though exceedingly noisy, section of the whole suffragists, and it is not fair to judge the whole rottenest part.

If the newspapers could only be persuaded to suppress all accounts of suffragette proceedings, to treat them at their face value as news items instead of writing them with lurid headlines, and to refrain from attributing to suffragettes every crime or disaster with which they are possibly by any stretch of imagination be connected, we believe the militants would subside. The papers are getting into their hands by advertising them, which is exactly what they want.

Insurance Wrangles.

We wish sundry correspondents to note that we have no particular intention of joining in the campaign against the Insurance Act. If it gives you any satisfaction to read about cases of hardship or examples of unmitigated "cussedness" upon the part of officials administering the Act (who, by the way, may possibly have no special desire to make it work smoothly), the cheaper Tory Press will indulge you to your hearts' content. On the other hand, if you believe Mr. Lloyd George is a Heaven-sent statesman you will not thank us for dimming the lustre of your idol. Of course, the Insurance Act requires amendment in many of its details. No sensible man expected anything else with a measure so wide-reaching and so all-embracing. If the Bill had been discussed ten times as long as was the case the result would have been much the same, for a chamber of several hundred members, half of whom are anxious to score party advantage over the other half irrespective of the merits of the case, is most decidedly not the best atmosphere for the birth of an important measure, which ought to be considered calmly, coolly and sympathetically.

Beating the Air.

Some of the agitation against the Act strikes us as being particularly cheap. To seek to make our blood run cold with harrowing stories of want and woe is all very well, but it never seems to occur to these rampant partisans that the alleged "victims" would in all probability have been very much worse off—or at any rate no better—if there had been no Insurance Act at all. To endeavour to improve the Act is highly laudable, but it is too often forgotten that it is now the law of the land, and has passed out of the stage of being a plank in a party programme. It may have been political—or Lloyd Georgian—policy once, but it is now the policy of the State, and the Act is being administered by permanent servants of the State—more often than not Conservatives—and not by members of any one political party. Regarding the matter on a lower plane, we consider the continued attacks upon the Act as very bad party tactics, and it is worthy of note that they are almost entirely confined to London. M.P.'s in manufacturing constituencies

are far too sensible to persist in beating the air. We wonder, by the way, what portion of the cost of administering the Act will be contributed by those who in the past have been successful in dodging the attentions of the Income Tax collectors.

Tube and Tram Delays.

Recent adventures in tram and tube suggest that a good deal might be done by the proprietors to ameliorate the nuisance and irritation caused by the temporary stoppage of these means of transit. Nobody, among the officials with whom the public comes in contact, seems to care a jot whether the delay lasts five minutes or five hours, for, of course, wages or salaries run on just the same. But it is different with the unfortunate passenger. He sits waiting, more or less patiently, until the vehicle moves on, perhaps thereby losing an important appointment or endangering his billet—for employers are apt to be sarcastic when delays by tram or train are urged as an excuse for tardy arrival. Accidents are perhaps unavoidable, but in these days of telephones and motor-cars it should surely be possible to devise some method whereby the inconvenience caused by these little contretemps might be mitigated, or some way of signalling whereby word can be passed along as to the probable length of the delay. Such a course would be more difficult with the trams than with railways, but it will have to come if the tramway people are to combat one of the manifest disadvantages in their struggle with the buses. As to the railways, there is no excuse for the District the other Saturday accepting passengers after a breakdown was supposed to have been remedied, and then conveying them at a snail's space with stops frequent and prolonged enough to try the temper of a Job. Passengers are entitled to greater consideration.

Murderous Millinery.

Madame Sarah Grand evidently requires a few lessons in elementary economics. Speaking at the opening conference held at the Animals' Healthieries Exhibition the other day she dwelt at large upon the wickedness of man in forcing women to adorn themselves with the plumage of birds. That



MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

THE GRIZZLY HUG AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 11.

is what her speech came to when boiled down; and, speaking tersely, it is sheer piffle. She appealed to women to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of being dictated to by men as to what they should wear, and declared that men, so far as murderous millinery is concerned, have only one object in view—the exploitation of the bird creation for their own selfish profit. Could anything be more ridiculous? Why, all the King's horses and all the King's men could not persuade a woman to wear so much as a feather if it wasn't fashionable, nor dissuade her from displaying a whole aviary upon her person if she thought the mysterious dictates of fashion required her to do so. What has poor man to do with the case? And is there not such a thing as the law of supply and demand? If there was no demand for the carcasses or skins of defunct animals and birds to deck the monstrous headgear of the modern woman, or otherwise to decorate her person, it is very certain that the birds and animals would not be killed, and man clearly does not create the demand. We think that Madame Sarah Grand had better return to the more lucrative style of fiction in which she is adept, for the circumstances forbid the idea that she was trying to introduce a new form of humour.

How to Stop It.

This does seem one of the cases where people can be made good by Act of Parliament; and if Madame Sarah Grand and her associates will set about things in the right way they ought to have no difficulty in causing the introduction to the Budget or some other Parliamentary measure of a clause absolutely prohibiting the importation of aigrettes, egret and osprey plumes, and other portions of wild birds with which the modern woman likes to titivate herself. It is a hopeless task to persuade the women to abandon these adjuncts of fashion, and as we have said it is equally futile to blame it on the men, so legislation seems the only course. Even Sir Frederick Banbury wouldn't wish to obstruct a bill, or clause, with so laudable an object.

* * *

Clerical Blackmail.

The Rev. A. B. G. Lillington, vicar of Holy Trinity, Hull, has either a peculiar sense of humour or a singular lack of acquaintance with the ordinary decencies of polite society. He informed his congregation the other evening that a lady's cigarette-holder had been found in one of the seats of the church, and threatened that if the lady owner did not give him £5 he would "give the show away, and then all the rat will be in the fire." A gentleman with so intimate a knowledge of slang ought surely to be sufficiently modern in his ideas to know that there is nothing particularly heinous in a lady smoking cigarettes. Many ladies far higher in the social world than any of his congregation can possibly be smoke cigarettes as a matter of course every day, and nobody thinks any the worse of them. But evidently, in Mr. Lillington's eyes, to smoke is a far greater crime than to make a barefaced attempt to extort blackmail.

Sweating the Chorus Girl.

We think Mr. Harry Burns, pantomime proprietor, of the Strand, London, ought to be ashamed of himself, and we hope the playgoing public of Stockton, Newcastle, Edinburgh and elsewhere, who have the privilege of witnessing his productions, will make a careful note of his methods. Sued by a wretched chorus girl, described as the wife of an Army pensioner, with one child, for salary in lieu of notice, it transpired in the Westminster County Court last Tuesday that the terms of engagement were 30s. per week inclusive of all matinées, and that the "artist" had to give two weeks' clear rehearsal free of charge, as well as providing all special dresses, including tights, wigs, shoes, and modern wardrobe. This particular case went, on its merits, in favour of the defendant—for even a sweated chorus girl must behave herself and attend strictly to duty—but nevertheless we must admit our surprise that Mr. Burns should prefer to thresh the matter out in court rather than pay a paltry ten guineas. The facts of the case—the contract, that is to say—speak so strongly that it is almost unnecessary to comment upon



THE RETORT BRUTAL.

"Here, in this gallery, are portraits of some of my ancestors."

"Humph! They evidently looked upon Eugenics as a joke."

them. This is not an isolated instance, nor is Mr. the only play-producer who pays his chorus girls a titration wage—a wage which is a direct incitement to immorality in cases where girls have no other means of support. It is well that young girls who are attracted by the glamour of the stage should have had this revelation of the sordidness of things.

* * *

A Word with the "Two Captains."

When an officer leaves the Army because financial considerations find it "not good enough," and seeks to earn an honest living in other directions, we have every sympathy with him. But the methods which have attended the music-hall production of "The Two Captains" are open to severe criticism. The posters and programmes they have been, and are still being, described as "The Two Captains. Captain Arthur Wood, son of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., and Captain Henry Green, D.S.O." We think these two gentlemen would have been well advised to have dropped their military titles when they went on the "stage." The music-hall has their military status to do with their military entertainers? This, however, is a small matter compared with the use made of Sir Evelyn Wood's name to advertise the "show." It is a fair inference that Sir Evelyn Wood's name is introduced either to induce people to go and see the show, or to enlist sympathy with the performer, and it is very hard that the name of a distinguished soldier should be put to such a use. We hope the War Office will be able to put a stop to this. Then, why does Captain Henry Green advertise that he is a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order? Clearly again either to enlist sentimental sympathy, or to attract attention as a "raree show." We call it "The Two Captains' methods of advertising themselves are undeniably shocking bad form, and it is to be hoped that they will see the error of their ways, and in future be content to rely for success on their considerable merits as entertainers.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Is Miss Phyllis Dare really annoyed at the repeated rumours to the effect that she is engaged to be married, and which she painstakingly denies on every occasion? Or does the consideration that all this is not a bad advertisement supply a soothing element to her irritation?

Who is the trainer who is starting an action against a sporting weekly? And does he think it is really worth his while?

How much longer is a gambling house within a stone's throw of the Grosvenor Hotel to be allowed to remain unmolested by the arm of the law? Is its promoter really of the fair sex, or is there a man behind her? And is the roulette table so arranged as to make it impossible for the punters to win?

Who is the old lady who is now living, bed-ridden, in the garret of a smart house in Eaton Square? Is she the wealthy grandmother of its occupier? And are dog-biscuits her staple form of diet?

What is the story which is being told about the Duke of Westminster? And does it cause more annoyance to him or to his wife?

Is it a fact that "Osc." Hammerstein is paying so large a sum as £1,000 per week to Lady Constance Stewart Richardson? Is this because he is an admirer of the British aristocracy? And is her turn so infinitely superior to that of other dancers who do not rejoice in a title?

What was the book which sixteen-year-old Lady "Daisy" was reading and which she so hastily hid just as her governess entered the library of her father's Brook Street house?

Why does the Bishop of — take so many piano lessons? And does he think that the pretty little French teacher in Kennington instructs better than her rivals?

Much surprise would be caused if the identity was revealed of the lady who spends an hour or so every afternoon smoking cigars in a small tobacconist's off the Strand. Is her husband, who holds a high position under the Government, aware of this escapade?

Does a certain member of the Bar know that his *fiancée* every Sunday evening visits a small chemist's shop at Shepherd's Bush and purchases a bottle of corn paint? And

does not this corn paint, which she drinks, contain a large percentage of cocaine?

What did the talented artistes at a little music-hall in the S.W. district think the other night of the several husbands who were fast asleep in the stalls with their heads reposing on their rather indignant wives' shoulders?

How much did the famous musician lose as a result of recent floods in America? And is it not possible that subsequent fulsome press notices more than recouped him?

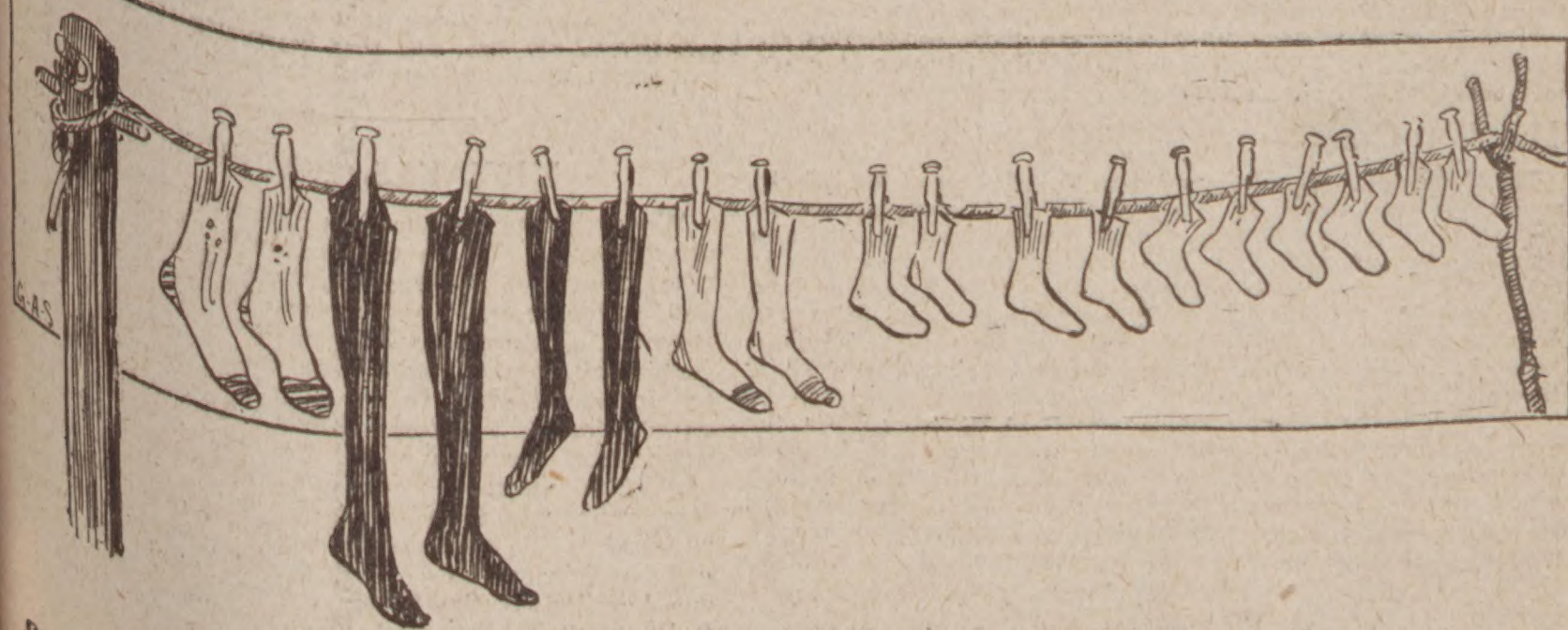
Who is the youthful sprig of the nobility who has gone abroad? And was the cause of his departure the West End teashop girl or the Alhambra dancer?

Is not the American actor—now in London—very glad that he divorced his wife not long ago? And, on the other hand, is not the co-respondent in the case feeling rather peevish about it?

The blackmailer who haunts West End lounges and music-hall promenades is waking into activity again; and a short exposition of his methods will not be out of place. He is invariably a well-dressed man of good bearing and address, so that he easily gets into conversation with chance acquaintances, especially if the latter are young or perhaps a little "over the fore-yard."

By rendering some little service, or by mentioning the name of one of the prospective victim's friends, the blackmailer gets the other to look upon him as "a good chap." The two will meet more than once, sometimes by appointment and at others by design on the part of the crook. Little by little the latter gets into the former's confidence, and learns certain spicy little details of a private nature—"Quite *entre nous*, dear old boy. Of course, you won't let a word go further"—which he will afterwards manage to make very useful financially.

By finding out the address of the victim's father, mother, wife, or employer, as the case may be, the crook manages to hold an outwardly soft, but in reality very grim, threat over the dupe's head, and "borrows" fivers or tenners—or more—with delightful frequency, until the victim is either landed in great difficulties or wisely goes to his solicitors. But few have the pluck to do this; and there are hundreds of young men—especially in the Army and Navy—whose careers have been ruined by human vultures of this kind.



OUR ACADEMY NOTE: "ON THE LINE."

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 22.

CASES IN CAMERA.

A SHREWD KNOCK FOR JUDICIAL AUTOCRATS.

The right of trial in open court has in recent years been allowed to degenerate into a matter of individual preference on the part of the Judge concerned. Through lack, or inadequacy, of protest on the part of the Press and public, a custom has grown up whereby Judges have assumed absolute power to decide whether the public should be permitted to listen to evidence possibly unfit for publication, or whether only the lawyers—who are presumably beyond contamination by details however filthy—and court officials should be allowed to remain in court on such occasions. Unfortunately the rule of exclusion has been applied more often than not in cases where the parties concerned were of fairly high social standing; while on the other hand cases even more nauseous and revolting have, as a matter of course, been unveiled to all and sundry in the criminal courts, where prisoners and victims are, comparatively speaking, of little social account. The natural consequence is that the administration of justice has been brought into disrepute, and ground has been afforded for saying that in this free England of ours there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Judge and Public.

The position has arisen through a fundamental misconception by the Judges as to the position they hold. In the eyes of the public a Judge exists to administer justice by the aid of the creaking and ponderous machinery of the law, and in accordance with the statutes of the realm at the time in force—a difficult enough task at best with the maze and tangle of oftentimes conflicting laws and precedents which serve to make the profession of the law by far the most lucrative calling an Englishman can follow. He is paid an ample salary, so that he shall be placed beyond all possibility of fear, favour or corruption, and by acceptance of that salary, paid out of the public purse, he constitutes himself a servant of the public. That he may have achieved his desirable position of eminence not by reason of merit, but as a reward for political or other services rendered, is a point which need not be elaborated here. He is supposed to abandon political bias the moment he dons the ermine, and the fact that sometimes he is unable to do so is only a proof that he is human—and thus fallible—and has nothing to do with the case under consideration.

The Judge's estimate of his own position is somewhat different. Secure in the knowledge that he can only be removed in case of flagrant dereliction of duty, and that there is no punishment—no penalty—for lapses of common-sense or errors of judgment which in other walks of life would bring an infallible retribution, he too often is tempted to play the autocrat. He becomes a despot in the little world over which he holds sway. He imagines he can lay down the law not only literally, but figuratively. He regards the public as a mere excrescence, while the Press in his eyes is either a necessary evil or a welcome recorder of judicial witticisms. The older, the deafer, the sleepier, the more irritable he becomes with the march of time, the more he is apt to forget that his power has limitations, and that the rights of the public are far more important than his own little prejudices and idiosyncrasies. He fails to remember that the principle of the open court was established as a check upon justice—a very necessary check upon an irresponsible authority whose actions must at all times be open to the full and free criticism of Press and public, if respect for the courts of law is to be conserved. Hence it has arisen that during the last twenty or thirty years His Majesty's Judges have assumed, and exercised, at their own sweet will, the right to exclude the public (including the Press) from the hearing of cases of a certain character. And hitherto nobody has said them nay.

The Scott Case.

The thanks of the public are due to the advisers of Mrs. Scott, and to the Law Lords, for bringing this grave encroachment on the rights of the public to a fitting termination. It has now been definitely decided, once and for all, that Judges have no inherent right to close their courts to the public, except in those rare cases (which must be rigidly scrutinised) where privacy is essential to justice. Broadly speaking, justice must be administered in public, and the petulant threat to clear the court if the judicial comfort or equanimity is disturbed will henceforth be received with the laughter which nowadays is reserved for the sorry specimens of humour which pass current for wit if delivered from the lordly heights of the Bench. No criticism of judicial procedure and wisdom could be more pungent than is contained in the actual judgment delivered by the four Law Lords, who were unanimous in their findings. It is perhaps not worth while to go into the details of the case, which have been very fully retailed in the daily papers. It will suffice to say that Mrs. Scott and her solicitor were served with a motion for contempt of Court, because at the conclusion of a nullity suit heard in camera, in which the lady was successful, she sought to vindicate herself by sending transcripts of the shorthand notes to three persons—

one being her father-in-law and another her sister-in-law. Justice Bargrave Deane, who had tried the case, also brought the contempt motion, and ordered the respondents to pay the costs thereof, thereby inferring that contempt had been established although the nullity case was over and done with. The Court of Appeal ruled, by a majority, that there was no appeal from Mr. Justice Deane's decision, as the question arose in a criminal cause or matter, and thus a civil appeal did not lie.

Branded as a Criminal.

Thus branded as a criminal, Mrs. Scott carried her case to the House of Lords, and it has there been established beyond all possible doubt that a Court has no power to sit otherwise than with open doors, and that, even if it had the right to sit in camera, there is no contempt of Court in publishing an account of such proceedings after the case is concluded. The words of Lord Shaw—"To extend the powers of a Judge as to restrain or forbid a narrative of the proceedings by speech or by writing, seems to me to be an unwarranted stretch of judicial authority."

Looking at the matter either from the standpoint of the public, this decision is highly important and extremely satisfactory. Judges—and magistrates, too—have not infrequently been disposed to dictate to the Press what should or should not be published. They have no such right. It is for judges to themselves to decide what is fit for publication, regarding in mind that stringent laws are in existence regarding the publication of literature. If the scavenger press care to rake together the garbage of the Court—and cases quite as nauseous as those heard in camera have always been available—they do so at their own risk, and have no need to obey the behest of the court before whom such cases are heard. Whether or not publicity is desirable in such cases is another question to be decided by the woman if circumstances arise whereby a marriage is dissolved after a hearing in camera. It has hitherto been the rule that no publication must follow. The public suffers in consequence, conclusions, often erroneous, and the woman suffers more than one. She has no defence. She is between the devil and the deep sea. Or rather she was, until the recent decision.

Another point is that in cases heard in camera, the public often transcends the actual facts. No good, perhaps, by making public unsavoury details, but guarded publicity would—and will—prevent the circulation of even more lurid rumours which have their sole foundation in the diseased imaginations of those who put them about.

As for the public, there has lately been an ever-increasing tendency to admit outsiders to the courts as a privilege of sufferance. We have seen magistrates preventing journalists from pursuing their calling because of the noise inspired by their sex in these days of militancy. We have always believed that magistrates have been singularly wise in closing their courts to sympathisers with suffragettes who were in the dock. Known malefactors—for the violent behaviour of nothing more nor less—might perhaps fittingly be kept in the dock in such instances, just as one would exclude rampant anarchists and other bomb-throwers. But, after all, what is a few temporary inconvenience or disorder, caused by a few women, compared with the maintenance of the sacredness of the public? We trust that Judges and magistrates are now taking the lesson to heart that they themselves are not to go above and beyond the law, and that henceforth the public has free access to all the courts in the land.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is perfect, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall each week to the reader who first points out a typographical error in our literary columns, i.e., in our advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column, and line, which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 10), sign your name and address and mark your contribution "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance, all cards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and only one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. prize. Full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is a matter of individual taste. Current issue only. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

SLOW.
"He's a nice fellow to take a girl fishing!"
"Why, what did he do?"
"He fished."

* * *
SOLICITUDE.
The Father: Really, I am afraid to associate with my own children for fear my morals will be hurt.
The Daughter: But Papa! Don't you suppose we realise that, and are careful when we're with you?

* * *
A SLUR.
"See, I am familiar with your music," remarked the amateur at the musicale the other evening.
"It seems so," replied the popular composer. "You are taking liberties with it."

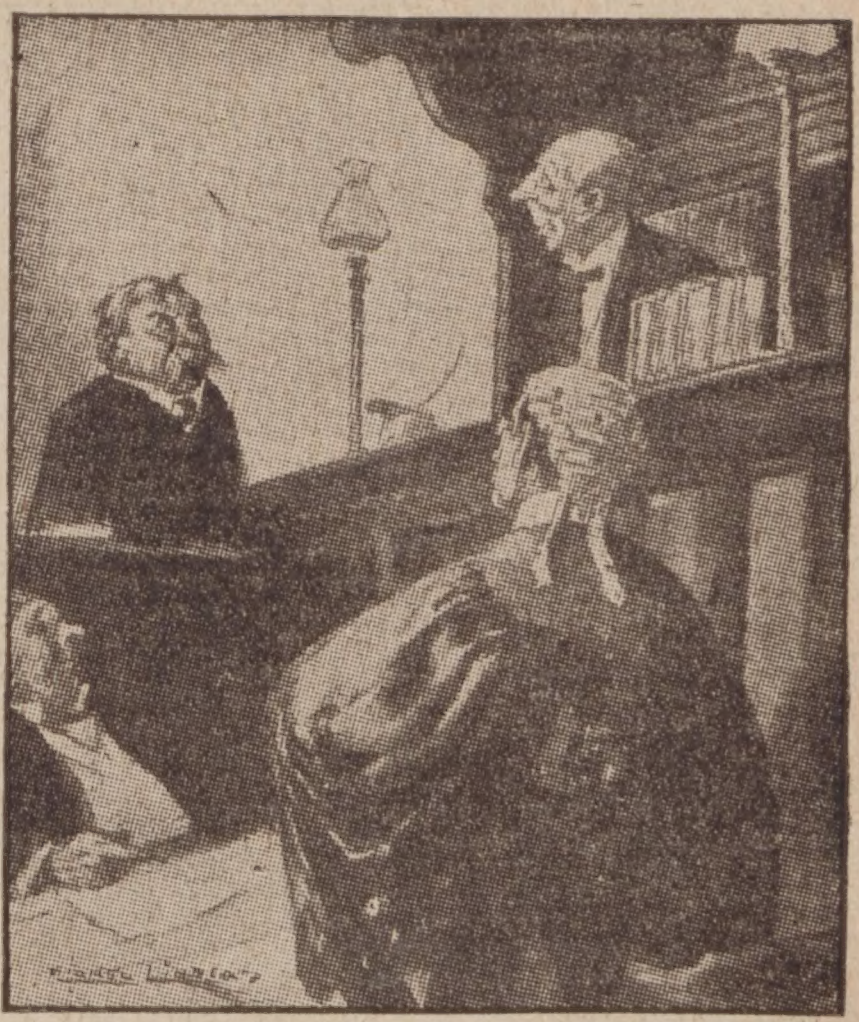
* * *
ANOTHER THINK.
He: I think there are microbes in kisses.
She: Have you tried one of mine?

* * *
THE RULE APPLIED.
Magnate (given to advice): My boy, it is the little things that tell.
Young Business Man (savagely): I know it! She's got a little brother."

* * *
A MATTER OF DISPLAY.
Soubrette: Marie is looking for an engagement where she can display her ability.
Comedian: Yes; she can't expect to depend on her figure much longer.



TO WHAT BASE USES.
The Maid: 'T is the ilegant ceilin' brush the missus's new hat do be makin'.—Puck.
MONEY FOR THE ASKING.



NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUOUS WORLD.
Lawyer (badgering witness): "How many whiskies had you before 10.15?"
Witness (getting tired of it): "Oh, I dunno. I don't put down every drink I have."
The Bench (chipping in): "No? Then what do you do with it?"—*Sydney Bulletin*.

* * *
A well-known society woman, who had a penchant for being in the public eye, was recently talking over her plans with an acquaintance.
"You'll get a lot of praise if you bar the turkey trot at your coming reception," said her friend.
"Yes, dear," replied the society woman; "but I think I'll get more notice in the papers if I don't."—*Judge*.

* * *
"Didn't I have a flirtation with you about three years ago at a summer resort?"
"I really can't say. My husband, who is quite systematic, keeps a list of those affairs, and he is away."—*Life*.

* * *
STILL SPRY.
The teacher was intent on the lesson, and continued impressively:
"And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (emphatically) there were no flies on the children of Israel."
A small boy from the rear of the room interrupted:
"Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either." — *Sunday Magazine*.

* * *
MOTION PICTURES.
A henpecked old man, so we've heard,
Took in every show that occurred.
When asked why, said he,
"In the films that you see,
The women say never a word."
—*California Pelican*.

* * *
Lawyer (in equal-suffrage State): Don't worry, the jury is sure to disagree.
Prisoner: But are you certain?
Lawyer: It's inevitable; two of the jurors are man and wife!—*Puck*.

* * *
AT THE ACADEMY.
First Artist: Yes, it's good.
Second Artist: You might have said "very good."
First Artist: Impossible, dear boy; very good is an expression I reserve for my own paintings.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, OR WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether Lady Irene Denison is still "piping her eye" over Prince Arthur, and whether Prince Arthur's regiment being stationed at York had anything to do with the proximity of York to Londesborough Park.

And whether the gallant Prince allows any of his trips to Londesborough Park to get into the "Court Circular"?

And whether, in fact, all the Prince's meetings with Lady Irene are ever heard of in the office of the Court Newsmen; or even in the regimental mess at York?

How much influence was used in order to get Lord Brooke his Canadian appointment, and whether his charming little wife will go to the Dominion with him?

What Sir William Eden thinks of his son-in-law, and what he says about him when he is at home?

Whether the Countess of Dudley was not a very plucky woman to go to a public meeting and make a speech when her son was still unconscious, as he has been for a fortnight.

Whether Lady Dudley's determination not to disappoint others in spite of her own misery was not deserving of a public testimonial.

Why Lady Helen Vincent has gone off to Venice, and whether Sir Edgar is going too.

Whether Lady Helen's brother, Colonel Duncombe, has yet been forgiven by the family for his escapade in the London Police Court over the way his company exploited the names of Admiral Lord Fisher and others?

Whether their niece, Viscountess Helmsley, has not followed up her mother's example, and given Society the "cold shoulder"?

How the London and South Western Bank likes its latest loss, and whether it is not a fact that the servants of this company do get more frequently "let down" than those of most other banks?

Whether Lord Churchill has succeeded in keeping all the tickets for Ascot in the hands of loyal folk, and whether it is not a hundred to one that a dozen of them are at this moment in the pockets of militant suffragettes?

And whether the King and Queen intend to have the Royal procession at Ascot this year, and whether it is not the case that Queen Mary has already asked Lord Churchill if it is not possible to get out of it.

Whether the Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar did not put his lost money into Lord Ashburton's bogus mine solely on account of his Lordship's association with the thing.

And whether Lord Ashburton will do anything by way of recompense to the Maharajah.

How Lady Abdy liked her honeymoon, and whether it did not end prematurely. And where her Ladyship is now.

What the Countess Larisch thinks of British society as met at Brighton and the Curzon Hotel, and whether it is not very dull after the weird and romantic people she has met during her strenuous life at Vienna and Metz?

And how much of "My Past" was written by Mrs. Maude Ffoulkes, and how much was suggested by the Countess; and whether it is quite good taste to descant upon the foibles of her dead aunt, the late Empress of Austria?

Is it true that Miss Lily Langtry is going to allow herself to be persuaded from the same quarter as suggested "My Past" to write her "Recollections," and whether she will call the book "The Candid Truth"?

Mr. "Charlie" Sugden is also meditating rushing into print, and has consulted a lady with reference to the writing of the same. But will Mr. Sugden really tell all he knows about the ladies, and, if so, will not the book be one of abnormal thickness?

The gentleman who left a very handsome pair of stockings behind him at the Southend Hotel last Sunday may have the same by applying to the manager of the hotel. Otherwise the same will be sold.

Does Mr. Seymour Hicks really imagine that he is insupportable to all the ladies he meets? If so, it is time that some of his ideas (and his actions) were revised.

What is the attraction to those ladies who meet each other day evening at South Kensington to meet "Frater Durabo," and would not Mr. Alister Crowley be well advised to drop his present mummery and blasphemy?



BEES IN HER BONNET.

What exactly is the truth concerning Queen Mary's move to the warrant-holders who supply the Royal wardrobe? how far Miss Sibley, the Queen's "dresser," has succeeded in educating Her Majesty's taste?

Many lady readers of this journal would much like to know how it is that Mr. Balfour, who is a confirmed bachelor, has written so convincingly about love, and such "strong" love scenes in the book he has in hand.

And whether it is true that his beloved "poker" indoors and golf out-of-doors have been rather neglected of late, while another and more living attraction has engaged him?

THE GABARET IN LONDON.

It has been repeatedly declared that the Cabaret is a continental institution impossible of acclimatisation in this country. And that too, in face of the fact that it is a favourite entertainment of peoples so widely diversified as the Parisian and the Berliner. An explanation of so general an attitude is perhaps to be found in the many attempts which have been made of recent years to introduce cabarets to order. The most noteworthy feature of these attempts has been the blatant advertisement which the promoter has thought necessary to success, and which the public has been sought; the well-to-do-classes have been informed that a new sensation for their jaded palates was to be provided. They rose languidly to the bait and came, glad rags and all, to an initial performance, and then were seen no more.

That these attempts have failed is scarcely a matter for comment. Had they succeeded then might one have wopped. Imprimis, they were dull; and even the well-fed English bourgeois will not pay fancy prices for dullness. At least not in his native country. The prospectus of one venture was sent to me and I calculated, although I am no mathematician, that by careful study of the economies of the evening-entertainment for about two pounds. Think of it, Oh ye shades of the joyous brotherhood of the Chat Noir, think of it, fifty francs for an evening of an ordinary evening!

One night I discovered a genuine cabaret in being in London, and to me that delightful old phrase—not a hundred miles from Leicester Square. There at midnight I found a delightful crowd of men, and joyous to relate, a sprinkling of ladies, all smiling, care free, or perhaps only care forgetting, what time the pianist handed out (which I believe is the correct Yankeeism) the ragtime. Then couples started dancing. "Pooh-pooh," some one interrupted, "just an ordinary night club." Admitted, a night club, so if you will a night club; but by no means an ordinary night club. Presently the director of ceremonies, Mr. T., a little cheerful, round-faced man, called for the attention of the audience for a song. And he got it! In less than a minute order was restored, those who could collar chairs sat upon them, and sat upon them quick lest they should lose them. Those who had not chairs, or perchance were occupied at the bar, stood around in more or less graceful attitudes, and the singer had as attentive an audience as might be expected at the Queen's Hall. As attentive, but with a difference, for when it came to the chorus "Second time, let it rip," they "let it rip." It was "Rag-time Rag-time," and it was sung to perfection. Of course, after more dancing a baritone gave a serious announcement was made. This announcement was not to be marvelled at, as the accompaniment died away into silence and the singer received the crude blood-red rag-time the most of the audience would have yielded to none in the country. The waltzes and rag-time then disputed each other's rhythm of the rag-time gets right hold of the factors of life, and he must be indeed a thin-skinned man whose limbs do not involuntarily start to tremble against the all-compelling strains.

True, the director was a veritable Admirable tradesman, worthy of Chevalier himself. A little while ago, "E dunno where 'e are;" but giving a little thing of my own," and he accompanied him. Truly, the director was a veritable Admirable tradesman, worthy of Chevalier himself. A little while ago, "E dunno where 'e are;" but giving a little thing of my own," and he accompanied him. Truly, the director was a veritable Admirable tradesman, worthy of Chevalier himself. A little while ago, "E dunno where 'e are;" but giving a little thing of my own," and he accompanied him.

Other songs followed, the piano and the dancing, and the all dominant surprise of the evening. I had wondered more than received with applause, applause which was more than merited, but when after nearly three hours of the dance and song, Mr. T. called attention of the company for a recitation, I half expected a practical joke. But no, a man gave us a recitation with its cynical bitterness, a liqueur-like bitterness on the morriment of the evening. By the sheer

artistry of his voice he held the motley crowd as in a trance, and as he finished grateful hands pressed him towards the bar, while eager voices begged for an encore. He was artist enough not to yield to the clamour. A liqueur is indeed the most fitting simile for his recitation, a second would have destroyed the flavour of the first.

Now here is the true cabaret, a light joyous entertainment which artist and bon viveur alike can appreciate, making its own convention, the freedom which will not allow itself to degenerate into license. The happiness which realises that it is dependent on not interfering with the happiness of others. It is a new venture, without flourish of trumpets, and it will be the more successful on that account. The "Cabaret artistique" has arrived.

A. R.

MONEY FOR THE ASKING

TO MEMBERS OF "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE
WE DISTRIBUTE 2/6 P.O.'s.

Many are the ways of increasing the circulation of newspapers and periodicals, but none better than those who like a paper handing a copy to a friend and recommending him or her to buy it in future. This is our scheme for increasing the circulation of *Modern Life*. We simply ask you to fill in your full name and address in the form below, paste it on a postcard, or put it in an envelope with a halfpenny stamp on, and address it to Distribution Department, *Modern Life* Office, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

We shall distribute among members sending in these forms

100 HALF-CROWN P.O.'s

each week, and the names and addresses of members receiving this

MONEY FOR THE ASKING

will be published in this paper weekly.

List of winners will be published next week.

It is all very simple. It costs you nothing. It brings you money for the asking.

To the Editor, *Modern Life*.

I apply, for one of your 2s. 6d. P.O.'s, and shall be pleased to distribute copies of your publication among my friends, which you agree to send me free of charge.

Name

Address

(Fill in above the number of copies you wish us to send you.)

It is worth while becoming a League member right away.

THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE

You are invited to become a member and enjoy the numerous benefits that will be published from time to time, the first of which is announced above.

The *Modern Life* League has been formed to secure a large following of interested readers, who will co-operate with us in extending the sale of *Modern Life*, so that this cleverly illustrated, witty and bright penny weekly shall be read by the people in every town and village of the kingdom.

The yearly subscription to the League is sixpence.

Readers wishing to become members should fill in the form below and enclose a P.O. for sixpence, together with a stamped addressed envelope.

Each member will receive a card of membership bearing a registered number.

The Editor will present a Bicycle (Lady's or Gent.'s) each week to the member who, in his judgment, has proved the most energetic worker in securing fresh readers and new members of the League.

The first award will be made next week.

Letters should be addressed *Modern Life* League, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEMBER'S APPLICATION FORM.

Please enter my name in the Register as a Member of the *Modern Life* League, and send me a membership card bearing my registered number, for which I enclose a P.O. for sixpence and a stamped addressed envelope. I will at all times do my best to increase the sale of the paper and introduce new members to the League.

Name

Address

In cases where members have been introduced, fill in below name and registered number of the member.

M

Registered No.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Signs of the Times.—2d.

Remark heard after a "Lightning" lunch: "Oh, thunder!"

Mineral waters are going up, so we read. But be of good heart, for spirits are going down just as well as ever.

Road signs in Toronto are to be marked with coloured hands for the benefit of motorists. Blood red, no doubt.

According to a recent Blue Book one-tenth of the population of London lives in flats. Fully that percentage live on them.

Mr. Merriboy has heard a lot about the waterplane lately. "What is the matter with a good whisky plain?" is his comment.

It seems somewhat illogical for the *Daily News* to boom their week-end excursion to Torquay under the heading "Non-Stop Special."

Suffragettes attempted to burn down the house of the editor of *Light* last week-end. Another case of trying to teach an editor his own business.

Ragtime is no innovation. W. S. Gilbert invented it when he wrote "The Mikado." Did he not refer somewhere to "a thing of shreds and patches?"

We are told that "hot air in the house has the effect of producing monotony." Is this why debates in the Commons are not invariably of the brightest character?

A Suffragette list of Regent Street shops for the window-breaking campaign made a special exception of Jaeger's. It would never do to cut off the source of supplies.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein says the new opera house he is building in New York will be an "operatic peach." He must be careful "the bird" does not get at this one.

A Scotch collie dog has been enrolled a member of the Trenton, New Jersey, Young Women's Christian Association. Our office cat, in disgust, has joined the Boy Scouts.

The L.G.O. train their motor-bus drivers to avoid accidents by means of cinematograph demonstrations. Recent accidents in the street have provided many moving pictures.

Firelight photographs are to be the rage this season. A new arsonic process, presumably, but scarcely likely to find favour among the Suffragettes, with their preference for limelight.

The German Commissioner on Lunacy says that even phlegmatic men may have their mental balance upset by telephone exasperation. This accounts for all those letters to the newspapers.

Birmingham is about to adopt a new system, by air suction, for removing ashes from the boilers at the electricity station.—(News par.) Nothing extraordinary. We know of a system (by air suction) of removing smoke from tobacco.

For a time after death ghosts attempt to play tennis and to swim, said the American, Mr. Henry Hotchner, to the Theosophical Society. Afterwards, of course, they are reduced to flying matches and playing at hoops with their haloes.

The Foreign Office, according to an official, is a magnet for stray cats. "For the past week or two we have seen five strays wandering in the passages." Rumours of the carving up of Turkey must have penetrated to the inner circles of catdom.

In addition to Dames and Knights and Knights Harbinger and Knights Imperial and Buds, the Primrose League last week added to its list of tinsel titles the order of Knights Campaigners, who are "pledged to make at least one Primrose speech a year." The next order will be Knights Martyrs, who are pledged to listen to them.

MY NOTE BOOK.

Thanks for the many letters of appreciation upon the issue of *Modern Life*! To the Press also I must say thanks for a very kindly reception. I am not going to you by giving extracts from the pretty things that have been said about us. It is enough to say that they will lead us to fresh efforts to deserve them all. This issue is given over to one or two fresh writers of different sections of the paper, whom I trust you will appreciate. If you desire any special feature, don't be afraid to write and tell me. There is always room for improvement, and it is a great satisfaction to an editor to know exactly what his readers like—and why.

One or two columns last week went a bit astray from my original conception of them. You will notice that the Ladies Like I have introduced a number of pithy paragraphs dealing with personalities at the moment, in a manner which will interest even the ladies. It is a well-known fact that the unwritten history is the most fascinating, and exactly those usually unwritten and unrecorded little incidents and traits of character of people whom everybody has heard about, that I expect to be able to give my readers.

Other bright and entertaining ideas are being suggested and will probably ripen before long, but in the face of fierce competition in the newspaper world it is impossible to give even an inkling of their nature, lest we be forestalled. With unavoidable exceptions I do not care for the imitation of contemporaries. It is my aim and purpose to give you something different—and better, if possible. Of course that is not by any means easy—there is no rest under the sun, you know—but by the time *Modern Life* has been licked into proper shape, I hope to have acquired a distinctive character. Moreover, I do not intend to let the paper to get into a rut, or to weary my readers with too much on one string. Thus I am reaching for new novelties, and if you have got any brilliant suggestions about loose I shall be pleased if you will send them along for my consideration—and for a consideration to be adopted.

Once more I draw the attention of readers to the *Modern Life* of Plain Speaking, which is at their disposal for the ventilation of grievances and abuses of public authority.

The *Modern Life* League has made a promising start, and the whole staff is busy in elaborating attractive schemes for its benefits, which will make it worth while for you to join, and which will be announced in due time. In the meantime one hundred half-crowns are ready to be given as a slight recognition to those who are willing to be a helping hand.

Elsewhere will be found particulars of two series of lectures which are open to everybody, and which call for no expenditure of little time or trouble—merely the exercise of critical power.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR COMPETITION.

We offer a weekly prize of 5s. for the best example of unconscious humour culled from the contemporary press. Underline the words which strike you as being unconscious, by reason of evident ignorance of the subject, or of a transposition of words, the vagaries of a comical mind, or other blunder) upon the actual cutting—to which is attached sufficient of the journal concerned to enable identification—and post it to us, with your name in an envelope marked "Unconscious Humour." It must not be later than first post Wednesday. Short cuts will stand the best chance.



A MAY BLOSSOM.

Women who think about nothing but clothes will have a lot of time on their hands when their outfit consists of a tube and a halo.

The average taxpayer likes to stand high in his community, but he is like to be over-rated.

A calling pin show who's the boss.

Poverty is a crime of which we cannot accuse the wealthy of being guilty.

The first step of bachelors to secure better quarters should be to look round for better halves.

Temperament is usually the mild term for temper.

Seeing is believing, but for all that the wide-awake man is not the most credulous of mortals.

The change from a stock broker to a stone breaker nowadays is not infrequent.

The only thing of great value of which a man was ever possessed without bragging about it is—common sense.

Every black sheep to-day was once somebody's pet lamb.

The apparel oft proclaims the man—in the very loudest of tones.

Doubtless there would be a great deal more kicking in this world if some people were not too lazy to do it.

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 11.

IN STAGELAND.

We are to have a handsome new Tivoli, reorganised and re-built so that the stage, instead of facing north as at present, will face due west: that is to say, the audience will have the Strand on their left hand and the river on their right. I am informed that much adjacent property has been acquired, and that the extensive enlargements are to be completed by 1914.

Bear in mind that the Theatrical Garden Party at Chelsea Gardens (June 3rd) cannot possibly be marred by execrable weather to the same extent as it was last year, as Mr. Anslow Austin's committee have covered in a very large area by a new and interesting process. Thus, elaborate and expensive precautions against bad weather having been taken, a beautiful sunny day is practically assured—so we can go, anyhow!

On May 27th Sir Herbert Tree will produce, in musical collaboration with Mr. Thos. Beecham, an operatic version of Molière's comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This comedy is so cram full of the daintiest of sprightly wit in its original Continental form that I cannot help thinking that any setting to music must of necessity rob it of the keener edge of its humour—even though Dr. Richard Strauss is responsible. If Molière's whimsical spirit has withstood the crucial test of translation it will be original and refreshing.

The Empire have added to their programme a sort of harlequinade *en ballet*, in which Mlle. Lydia Kyasht is assisted by M. Vladimiroff—a terpsichorean civil servant of the Czar, who knows his business. Again I must refer to a very generous fault common to the Empire—a numerically over-strong corps

de ballet, which crowds out the principal's genius to some small extent.

Go to see the little French revue at the New Middlesex. You will understand quite enough to be extremely pleased in spite of several minor happenings of a nature just a shade too Continental sultry for British comfort—and this on a cold night. Even so, "J'Adore Ca!" is a triumph of twice-nightly presentation.

The Scott-Gattys, aristocratic amateurs of keen dramatic intelligence, are hard at work rehearsing "Claude Abroad," an original

comedy written by themselves. Mr. Scott-Gatty informs us that he hopes to establish a record fund for the Middlesex Hospital as a result of the week's performances of this play by a well-known section of musical Society, including Sir Simeon Stuart, at the Aldwych Theatre, commencing May 27th.

Mr. Eustace Gray's Palladium Minstrels did not after all cut much ice at the Prince's Theatre. This I believe to be the outward and visible sign that this particular temple of entertainment requires stringent and rapid reorganisation.

What is this about Mr. Gibbons re-entering the world of Variety management? I hope it is true—there is tons of room for his special organising genius.

The Loss of the Titanic, to be seen at the leading suburban halls, is a harrowing and fearful thing. The realistically fearful grind on the fatal berg, the fearful death rattle of the engines falling through the perpendicular liner, and, worst of all, the fearful purple dress waistcoat of the explanatory gentleman in charge, all go to make this alone worth your money.

It is not often I can get so far out as Finsbury Park, to see Beatie and Babs, at the head of an excellent bill, too, to the local Empire last week. It struck me then that certain West End halls I could mention should send their managers for a short, sharp course of tuition in Variety economy generally, both behind and "in front," at Mr. Craig's pretty house.

Mr. Martin Harvey's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" is due to open at the Prince of Wales' on Saturday next (10th inst), but it is his intention to continue the "pleasant conceited historie" for four weeks only. The production has been designed by Mr. Harvey in conjunction with Mr. William Poel, and it combines in a most effective manner the Elizabethan and the modern "revolutionary" method of the "open" stage. The induction is woven into the play proper, and Christopher Sly is in evidence throughout the evening. Mr. Harvey plays "Petruchio," and will be supported by Glenney, Franklin Dyall, Michael Sherbrooke, and de Silva.

After four weeks Mr. Harvey turns to the production of Ed. Knoblauch's "The Faun" which will be produced by Frank Vernon. If any further material is required, Mr. Harvey has Tolstoi's "Der Lebende Leichnam" ("The Living Corpse") in addition to several plays in his repertoire which he has not yet presented in London.

The Victoria Palace of Varieties is doing huge business just now, the main attraction being George Graves' "Koffo of Bond Street," which goes with as great a swing as ever, although it has cut a wisdom tooth or two. Of course, newly-hatched japes are introduced almost nightly, but the audience appears to enjoy those with whiskers quite heartily, all of which proves that in a thing of this sort, the comedian and not the sketch itself that matters. By the bye, the atmosphere under the big gallery gets decidedly thick when the place is crowded, and something ought to be done with the ventilation arrangements before the warm weather comes along—ever does come.

A tribute to the English stage has been made by the invitation from Germany to a company of English actors and actresses to play Shakespeare before the cinematograph in that country. "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Merchant of Venice" have already been chosen for performance.

A most thrilling war picture will make its appearance in many picture halls next month. One thousand actors will part in the making of this film, and its mammoth scenes are a triumph of cinema acting. The whole story is carried out on a gigantic scale never before attempted. The manufacturers are the Selig Company.

A striking film, "In the Clutch of The Apaches," will shortly be put before the public. A feature of this drama, by Gaumont, is the magnificent acting, and the story is one which will appeal to any audience.



MISS ANNIE DOROTHY.





MARY ANN CLARKE.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

NO. 2 (NEW SERIES):

THE AMAZING AFFAIRE OF THE DUKE OF YORK
AND AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY "FLAPPER" OF
KING'S CROSS.

When a man suddenly finds his gaze fixed upon a girl whose eyes sparkle with desire, and his heart begins to beat in spontaneous rhythm, he doesn't stop to enquire who she is, or where she comes from. He goes for her "like a bird!" It doesn't matter whether he is a little cobbler of the City Road, or a painter in Carlton House Terrace. Cause and effect are the same in both cases. That is all the explanation necessary to the love affair of Mary Ann Clarke and the Duke of York, the next in succession to the Throne didn't matter to the Duke when he clasped eyes on Mary Ann. Her eyes said "Love and the world is mine!"—and he loved her! Unfortunately, the impossible occurrences—otherwise the Duke's affair and all Love Affairs. However, this is a story which proves would have dared to put into print such an improbable narrative as that which follows.

Origin of Mary Ann Clarke.

There was no more romance about the origin of Mary Ann than there was about her name. Her father was a printer at a printing-office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and they were now half London catches its trains or trams to the suburbs of an evening. Mary Ann's father was a good fellow, and he used to teach his little daughter to read his proofs of the evening, and consequently, amidst her prosaic surroundings, she grew up quite "the lidy" of the hamlet of King's Cross. She had nut-brown hair, dark eyes, a small, chic figure, a straight nose, and the gladdest eye of all the belles of London Town. There is a picture extant of Mary Ann when she was living under the protection of Sir Charles Milner. It shows her with a saucy, oval face, gowned in light blue silk with white fur round the bottom of the skirt, and a white muff. Mary Ann had a delicate pink and white complexion, of that sort which seems only to develop to its perfection in the vicinity of London. All of which may somewhat explain the extraordinary career which was opening out for the daughter of the printer of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Go to Hanover!"

Mary Ann used to carry her father's "dinner" in a neat pocket-handkerchief to the printery every day, and by the time she was sixteen the son of the proprietor of the printing office was head over heels in love with her. Having endured what Shakespeare called "the pangs of Love" for a year or two, Mr. Day, the printer, agreed to allow his comp's daughter to go to a boarding school for a couple of years, so that she might be fitted to be the wife of a master printer. Mr. Day footed the bill, and for two years Mary Ann was brought home from the boarding school, and when she saw the young man who had "made a lady of her," she promptly told him to "go to Hanover," and at once began to flirt with Tom Clarke, a bricklayer's son of Snow Hill. Ere long Mary Ann had run off with Tom, and got married. It was all done on the sly, as Tom Clarke was only a Currier Street stone-mason's apprentice, and as in mortal fear that his father would "cut him off with a shilling."

However, when Tom had served his time, his father set him to his business in a stone-yard in Golden Lane, what time Mary Ann was regularly supplying him with heirs at the rate of one a year. The marriage had turned out a miserable failure, how-

ever, and when Tom took to drink Mary Ann decided that life wasn't worth it, and that she would start afresh. She placed her children with her relations, and went off "on her own." For this no one can blame Mary Ann. It may be a serious, almost a criminal, step to desert a husband, even a bad one, but when Tom Clarke for the second time came home an invalid from a trouble brought on by his "indiscretions," Mary Ann had every excuse a woman can need for the step she took. After all, Mary Ann wasn't made for the obscure life of a drunken stone-mason's wife, and she at last realised it.

Vicissitudes of a "Life of Pleasure."

Her vicissitudes for some years do not matter here. When history next meets Mary Ann, she was arrayed in purple and fine linen, as the companion of Sir James Brudenell, who belonged to that family of irretrievable "sparks" and "k'nuts," the Brudenells of Savernake. Sir James was by no means Mary Ann's first gentleman. She had been taken up by a Wiltshire baronet, who, however, was keen on the Law, and who expected Mary Ann to find happiness amid his piles of faded parchments, wills and conveyances. Mary Ann didn't find it, however, and when Sir Charles Milner cast covetous eyes upon her, she promptly gave the baronet-barrister "the go-by." Sir Charles tired of her in time, and then it was under the roof of Sir James Brudenell that she found another temporary abode. Sir James at last got tired, as had Sir Charles, and when Mary Ann presented him with a bill for two hundred pounds for lace, Sir James, who wasn't quite a lunatic, decided that so much lace wasn't necessary to keep one man's affection, and he showed Mary Ann the door.

Enslavement of a Royal Duke.

But Mary Ann was a real-life Becky Sharp, who could find a way out of every dilemma, and always kept herself well "in the picture." To Sir James Brudenell there succeeded a Mr. Dowler, a much-moneyed young wine merchant of the City. Mr. Dowler set Mary Ann up in style, provided her with a fine calash for the park, a house up West, and a pretty cottage at Brighton. Mary Ann had all she wanted. She was the apple of the City gent's eye, and he spared no expense in order to gratify her every whim. At Brighton she cut the nuttiest figure on the Old Steyne, and there it was that the Duke of York first saw the woman who was destined not only to enslave his heart, but to bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. The Duke of York was a headstrong fellow, and his mad carousals with his brother, the Prince of Wales, were the talk of the town. His liaisons had been numerous, and his average consumption of wine was six bottles a day. He was, nevertheless, a brave officer, and he commanded the British Army in war. He was always the victim of his own good nature, and he was, perhaps, the best-beloved of King George the Third's sons. Ere long his passion for Mary Ann Clarke had become the entire obsession of his life. When with her he found it hard to tear himself from her arms; when away from her he wrote her daily letters full of the most sincere affection.

Duke of York to Mary Ann Clarke.

Once he wrote: "Do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman so adored as you are. Every day, every hour convinces me more and more that my whole happiness depends upon you alone. What a time it appears since we parted; and with what impatience do I look forward to the day after to-morrow. There are still two whole days before I shall clasp my darling to my arms!" Such effusions were received by Mary Ann from the King's son every day for years! Need-

MONEYFOR THE ASKING.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 11.

less to say, Mary Ann soon turned the Duke's enslavement to good account. She was now the luckiest woman in London. In the park her equipage was the smartest; at home her surroundings were the peer excellence of luxury; at the theatre her jewels and dresses were the cynosure of all eyes. The Duke of York established Mary Ann in a mansion which was the last word in magnificence. There she had her own court of admirers, and, having by now taken on all the accomplishments of the "born great," Mary Ann was in her way a queen. Twenty servants attended to her personal comfort; her service of plate had adorned the tables of the Duc de Berri; the pier-glasses in the reception rooms cost £400; and her wine glasses cost two guineas each. In her stables were ten horses and two coaches. And when she grew bored with the Town, a pretty house at Weybridge was at her disposal.

But though the Duke of York allowed Mary Ann Clarke a thousand pounds a month she was not satisfied. Had it not been for the foolish Dowler, who still clung to her skirt-tails in her "off-hours," she would soon have been bankrupt. Several times the bailiffs were in possession at Gloucester Place, Portman Square, and only poor Dowler's money saved another scandal. At last Mary Ann had to find a means of adding to her "miserable" allowance from the Duke. And this is the way she did it. As Commander-in-Chief of the Army, a good part of the Duke's daily duties consisted in signing commissions for officers. In those days most of the commissions were obtained by purchase. The price, for instance, of a majority was £2,600, a captaincy cost £1,500, a lieutenantancy was £550, and an ensigncy £400. Mary Ann Clarke deduced a scheme for disposing of commissions on her own account at cheap rates, and she quickly put the scheme to the test of practicability. Its success was amazing. She offered a majority to all and sundry for £900, by which intending majors saved a clear seventeen hundred pounds on the deal. Captaincies she sold at £700, lieutenantancies at £400, and ensigncies in proportion.

How Mary Ann "Demanded Money with Menaces."

It will scarcely be believed, yet it is true enough, that Mary Ann Clarke had only to present these wicked commissions to her Royal Duke, and he, in his responsible capacity of head of the Army, signed every one of them. The traffic in Mary Ann's commissions became such a scandal that it was brought up in Parliament, but still the Duke went on signing! When eventually someone brought him to a sense of the wickedness of Mary Ann's frauds on the country—all the money she made on the sale was a dead loss to the Army funds, of course—Mary Ann merely forged the Duke's signature, and went on with the sale. But Army commissions were not the only sources of Mary Ann's profits. There were few coveted posts she failed to obtain whenever they were solicited, and accompanied by handsome cheques. Nor was she above "demanding money with menaces," as they say nowadays. There is a curious instance of the consequences of Mary Ann when her demands remained unsatisfied. The cases of a Major O'Donnell and a Major Sinclair came before Mary Ann during her dabbings in commissions. Major Sinclair had been for some years in the West Indies. The climate suited him, and he desired to be gazetted to a regiment which was bound for those parts. On the contrary, Major O'Donnell had had nothing but suffering in the West Indies, was then in bad health, and earnestly desired not to be sent back again. So they petitioned the Duke to gazette them to regiments where the conditions would be congenial. As, however, they were unable to "grease Mary Ann's palm" sufficiently, she caused Major Sinclair to stay at home, and the invalid officer, who hated the West Indies, to proceed there. Both officers died shortly after.

Price of Mary Ann's Infamy.

But the bombshell burst at last in the form of a letter from the Duke's agents, breaking off the connection, and granting Mary Ann an annuity of £400. With scorn Mary Ann declined this proposal, and when she saw the game was up she brought forward the Duke's letters, and threatened to publish them. Meanwhile Sir Francis Burdett and a Mr. Wardle had obtained a commission to examine into the charges made in the House of Commons, and for several weeks Mary Ann Clarke was engaged in the pleasurable task of giving evidence, for the purpose of damning the Duke who had enriched her. Truly, "hell knows no fury like a woman scorned." For her information she had been promised £5,000 down, the payment of all her debts, and an annuity of £400 and a furnished house. She got neither however. The end of the story comes with the printing of the volume of the Duke of York's love letters. Mary Ann, being a thoroughly clever creature, procured with this scheme to get on with the Duke, to the extent of having eighteen thousand copies of the book printed. The volumes never saw daylight, however. Just before they were distributed to the public the Duke heard of it, and his attorney at once interviewed Mary Ann, and offered her ten thousand pounds in gold, with £400 a year, and £200 for each of her daughters, and a promise of comfort for her son. From that time Mary Ann disappeared, and one of the strangest stories in the annals of Royalty came to an end.

Next Week: KING GEORGE IV. AND MRS. FITZHERBERT.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

P.B. (Bolton).—You are right and he is wrong—famous—or we should say infamous—Judge Jeffries in the year 1689.

TONY (Brynmaur).—Sorry we have not the necessary space for your letter.

H.A. (Portsmouth).—We are not matrimonial. Bear in mind the saying "Love can hope where reason despair."

F.G. (Tottenham).—Alexandra Park races were held on August Bank Holiday in 1895. The first meeting took place in 1868.

VERNON (Dudley).—Your joke (?) has reached its proper destination—the w.p.b.

L.R. (Morecambe) asks us the old, old conundrum, the Khedive of Egypt owed you some money, what do you do? Why, Suez Canal, of course.

JIM (Torquay).—The idea is being considered, while, do not miss the benefits offered to members of Life League.

H.K. (Dublin).—We have no personal knowledge of the two Swiss sweepstake people, but we believe that are quite all right.

KNUT (Glasgow): You cannot do better than get Horne Bros. "Aero" folding hats. You can fold it and put it in your pocket when you desire to get underneath a lady's hat, and it is practically waterproof.



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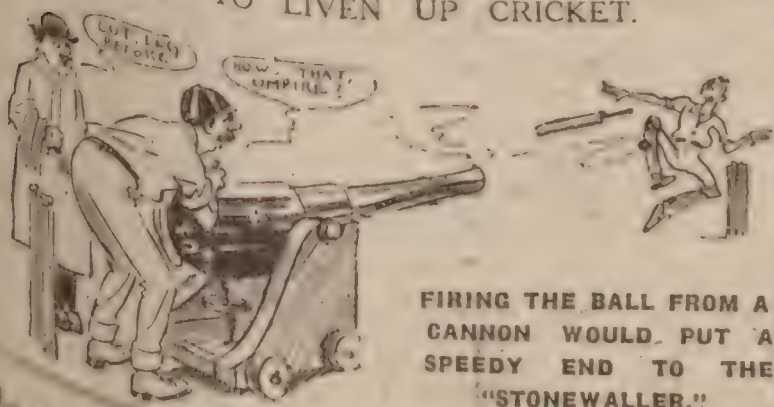
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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN

"The man who hath no music in his soul is fit for —" well, lots of queer things, so our English bard wrote. Things have changed during the last three hundred years, and it would be unnecessary to allude to the man, and to the woman, who has no sport in the soul. We are all sports, nowadays, some good sports and some bad sports, and the highest compliment that can be paid to a being is that he or she is a "Good Sport."

We are on the threshold of summer. Summer comes every year, and as it behaves itself, so is the innings of the King of Sport affected. Last "Summer" was a veritable wretch, and the Prince of English games—cricket—had such a bad time, that whereas it was hoped that the dual visit of Colonial cricketers would assist in putting some of

IDEAS TO LIVEN UP CRICKET.



FIRING THE BALL FROM A CANNON WOULD PUT A SPEEDY END TO THE "STONEWALLER."

the English cricket counties on their legs, Old King Sol would be unkind that the said counties got into queerer streets than ever. Therein is to be found the why and wherefore of the vile attack on cricket which one sees every time a newspaper is taken up. There is nothing at all wrong with cricket, so far as cricket is concerned. Were there so many traducers of the game in 1911, when there was a summer which could compare with the summers of the Southern Hemisphere? Under the circumstances associated with cricket two years ago cricket can hold its own against any sport, aye, even against football.

It is easy enough to find fault, but why find fault if a remedial remedy cannot be found. Some say that the public do not want cricket as the County championship is played to-day. It would be difficult to hit upon the very root of the public, and if that want could be discovered it would be beyond the ability of man to provide the exact remedy. We want bigger hitting. We want better bowling. We want smarter fielding. We hear all these wants. As long as the bowling and the fielding of England are as good as they were last year then it follows, as night the day, that batting must be kept under. All batsmen are not Mackays. Would not the public be heartily sick if we had a surfeit of cricketers of the foregoing category?

If any change came about perhaps it would be the defeating of the pad play which one sees too often. If there were no alteration in the law governing leg-before-wicket, bowlers might school themselves to defeat the evil. It just occurs to me that Warwick Armstrong, Ernest Vogler, Aubrey Hornsby, H. V. Hordern, R. O. Schwarz, and "young" Jack Hobbs frequently prevent leg pad play as dangerous. Once a bowler to pitch on the wicket, with only a pretended intention of using the pad, instead of the bat, will soon be napping. Thus "googlie" bowling in its various phases will very soon have an effect upon this obstruction. Leg pad play is not general, and it never will be. Still, one would like the bat to be the only means of offence and defence which a batsman is possessed of.

May has not opened auspiciously. There was a time, and only eighteen years ago, when the World's Cricket Match—old Doctor Grace—scored a thousand runs in the first month. "Governor-General" Macartney, of the Australian team, very nearly equalled the feat last season, and, of course, the Surrey pride—Tom Hayward—once very nearly equalled the "Old Man's" effort—and, by the way, Tom Hayward stands the best chance of being the first bats-

man to equal W.G.'s great performance of scoring a century of centuries in first-class cricket, for he only needs one more three-figure innings for his hundred centuries.

First-class cricket should have commenced on Monday, but poor Lord's does not possess the happiest of areas, and it could not recover from April's showers in time for the start to be made. Officially, the first-class season opens on the first Wednesday in May, and this year that particular day was at its maximum latest. Perhaps this time next week one will be able to deal with current play. In the meantime, let the generous be amused at the so-called improvements suggested for the carrying out of the game. The pity is that they are not all serious, and in this respect one must regret that a comedian should have rushed into print who wants to make cricket a music-hall show. The horror of it all!

International sport always takes the public attention first of all, and this year that section of sport will be provided by lawn-tennis performers, and, earlier, by the pick of England's polo players. Polo does not appeal to the masses because it is such an exclusive game, in the hands of a few, and only the wealthy can ever hope to become expert poloists. Two years ago England lost the International Cup against America, only by a small margin, and their defeat was not through deficiency of play so much as being equipped in an inferior manner as compared with the cousins across the Atlantic. England was handicapped just as Sir Thomas Lipton has been handicapped in his many efforts to win back the American Yachting Cup. We possess polo ponies quite the equal of America, but they have not been placed at the disposal of the English polo players with that readiness which the best ponies have been lent to America's players. Class distinction is not so noticeable in America as in England. This country has to thank the Duke of Westminster for the keen interest he has taken in this year's contest, for he was able to get together the finest collection of animals ever known in the history of the game of polo, and half of the troop of forty which sailed away last Saturday belonged entirely to His Grace. The value of that ship-load of ponies was estimated at £20,000, and some of the animals were worth between £700 and £1,000. The Duke is paying all the expenses incidental to the test matches, which will commence in five or six weeks' time. The English team sailed yesterday (Wednesday) for New York, but Mr. Buckmaster, who has captained England hitherto, has resigned owing to an accident sustained some time ago, and which he thinks would have an effect upon his play. In an hour when the chances of England winning are rosier than ever, one must admire the sporting instincts of Mr. Buckmaster in refusing to leave anything to chance.

The fascinating game of billiards is having a hard death of it this season, as London's attention will be held during the whole of this month by the champion's two engagements with Tom Reece and young Newman. Possibly the good work done by the young professionals this season has had something to do with the more than usual interest. Last week Inman accounted for the defeat once more of Reece, but



AND AN OBSTACLE PLACED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PITCH WOULD HELP TO LIVEN THINGS UP FROM THE CROWD'S POINT OF VIEW.

there are many who saw the Lancastrian's display in the championship match who hold to the opinion that Reece will more than hold his own against all comers as soon as he can just control his feelings. Temperament is a mighty factor in all games, but in billiards particularly so. It is early yet to predict how the second of the two games between Reece and Inman for £500 aside will go, but the total man has very early shown to splendid advantage. Inman seems to appeal to the general run of men and women who play the

STILL ANOTHER IDEA.



HOW TO
MAKE
CRICKET
BRIGHTER!

game for their own pleasure, and except that he sometimes plays a sequence of hazards, he cannot be called a specialist. Now Reece does what one in a million could never hope to do, for he possesses a delicacy of touch which is nothing short of wonderful. He is particularly a close cannon player, and he manipulates the balls when he gets them together in a manner which seems miraculous. At Thurston's several ladies have been watching the play, and they appear to take as much interest as the sterner folk. People of title are to be found looking

on, and Prince Albert of Holstein is a frequent visitor. We do not very often have the opportunity of seeing ladies play billiards, but the Australian lady, Miss Roberts, has certainly shown to what perfection her sex can attain.

Whatever relations exist between Inman and Reece, as man to man, they are not above having a cut at each other during their matches. At Leicester Square, on the opening session of the present match, it was most funny. Reece made some remark about a bumping shot by Inman which scored, and Inman retorted with "Well, it is a good enough stroke to beat you with." Then, when Inman called into question the position of one of the spots, Reece said "What does it matter where the spots are? They've got to be somewhere. Get on with the game." Inman called attention to the *sotto voce* remarks, but the referee only smiled, as did most of the spectators who saw what was going on. The little passage of arms or tongues quite relieved the game of its severity.

Oxford and Cambridge are very strong in athletics just now, but it seems that there is a great doubt of the challenge from Yale and Harvard being accepted. The American Universities want Oxford and Cambridge to meet them on June 19th, and that date cannot very well suit the Blues, because of their terms. Then there is another question—expense. Oxford and Cambridge want their expenses guaranteed, and that guarantee is not forthcoming. Still, before the week is out a definite decision may be come to.



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THE ENGLISH BILLIARD CHAMPION WHO
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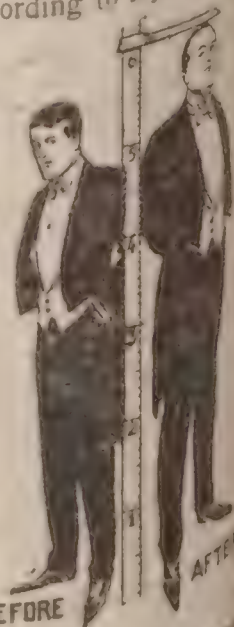
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can be developed to double its present strength in from three to four months by means of the famous "St. Settef Course of Will-Culture." (Entered Stationers' Hall). Your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance, Memory and Personal Magnetism will also be enormously increased. Your increased powers will raise you in the esteem of the men and women you meet. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (abroad 6d. extra). No further expenditure. The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. You will gain information worth many guineas. **THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE** (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

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STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

I was not far wrong in advising my readers to get into Stocks and Shares last Monday, as prices bounded ahead in astonishingly quick fashion as soon as the news leaked out that King Nicholas had agreed to retire from Scutari.

The American market was one of the most interesting of last week. Although prices jumped ahead on the above news there was a sharp reaction on the Wednesday, but I feel that this market is now settling down for a steady appreciation in values all round.

For the big speculator I strongly advise a purchase of Union Pacifics, as this railroad is the best in America, and its stock at present price is absurdly low.

For the little man Eries and Rock Island are a most excellent speculation, and are bound to bring a good profit to those who buy now.

Home Rails have been one of the strongest markets of the week, and when the dreary 21 days' account comes to an end on Wednesday, I look for renewed strength among the attractive stocks like Great Northern Deferred, Great Central Preferred, Brighton Deferred, and South Eastern Deferred.

Among the Undergrounds Metropolitan Consolidated and Districts are attractive.

The Common Stock of the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company is a very attractive speculative investment at the present price of 97, as holders get a guaranteed 6 per cent.

This stock is actively dealt in, and the price is continually fluctuating from the present figure to about 101 to 102, and it is well worth picking up now.

Readers will remember my specially drawing their attention to Simmer Deep's £1 Ordinary Shares, which have improved to 4s. 3d. in value since I last wrote about them.

There has been a lot of buying of these shares during the last few days, which is another sure sign that they are being booked for a better price.

I give below the report for the month of April, and can only reiterate my advice that Simmer Deep's are the most attractive speculation in the Mining Market. The shares should double in value.

"Simmer Deep—April." Stamps 180, tube mills, 10; 65,950 tons; 12,762 ozs.; value, £54,209 9s. 10d.; profit £6,661. Total gold reserve, 1,250 ozs. (Average monthly profit since commencement of current financial year, £6,811).

The Kaffir market is in a decidedly happier frame of mind, and I should not be at all surprised to see this market taken well in hand after the Whitsun holidays.

The Rhodesian Market has not been quite so active, but I look for better times here.

Chartereds keep firm at about 23s. 6d., and at this price are a good lock-up.

Rhodesian Central are a firm spot at 10s. 6d. on the report published below.

RHODESIAN CENTRAL.—Manager's report by letter under date April 12th, 1913, gives the following values:—"ALEXANDRA: Samples over 30ins., ran well over 10z. At East End of the old stope above the 90ft. level values over 20ins. 15dwt. At bottom of Keir's shaft 10ft. up the rise from drive East, 10dwt. over 25ins."

Grand Trunk Thirds are still forging ahead, and Mexican Railway Ordinary has recovered from its shake out, but I would personally rather sell at the present price than buy.

Although business in the Oil share market described as active the tone is cheerful, and the shares have met with a good deal of attention.

Spies are worth buying again at the present price and of the others Shell Transport, and Mexican are of the best better-priced shares.

I really feel that prices in the Rubber market touched bottom, so that those whom this market appeals to can fairly safely purchase shares of any of the dividend-paying companies, but I would rather advise the more priced shares where the companies have just entered the dividend-paying stage.

In such instances the shares are not overpriced, but a much safer buy.

Two exceptions among the bigger-priced shares are Malacca Rubber, which is a Paris favourite, but sold down to 8½ during the recent trouble. These generally stand at about £10 to £11, and are worth it. The other share I can strongly recommend is that of the Pataling Rubber Estates, which is now quoted at £1 17s. 6d., but they paid a dividend of 27s. per cent., which is equivalent to 27 per cent. of the present price.

BRIEF REPLIES.

Spec. (Walsall).—West Amalgamated shares have been active but owing to the deadness of the market there is no rise at the present time. The lowness of the price makes them a speculation, and the moment there is a revival they will double their price. At any rate, it is a speculation which possibly lose much, but is certainly attractive at the present price of 1s. to 1s. 6d.

Newhand.—Buy Simmer Deep's with your £25, as you are certain of a profit, with a possibility of doubling your money. Frank (Glasgow).—Among Rubbers, I recommend Pataling Estates, in the Oil Market Spies Petroleum, and I should like to see the balance in Simmer Deep's and International Sales.

Innocent (Balham).—Do not under any circumstances buy the shares mentioned, and I cannot advise a purchase of the oil shares as advertised in the prospectus issued last Wednesday.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
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INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 INCHES.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open. The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

Behind the counter none but the tall man is wanted. He makes a good impression on customers, his arguments carry conviction, and he builds up and improves the business.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to three inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me.

PROOF.

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribe for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

A. W. (Rochdale) writes: "I have just been exercising five weeks. I have done my best to follow your advice faithfully, and I am delighted with results in such a short space of time. I have had physical culture courses before, but they have never done me anything like the good yours has. To begin with, I have gained almost an inch in height, and that means absolute growth, not straightening up, because I was perfectly straight to begin with. Every one of my measurements has increased a good deal. Also, I feel brighter and have more energy and vigour. My exercises have a fascination for me, and are not a burden; their variety makes them a real pleasure to perform."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

G. C. (Birmingham) writes: "I have now finished my third lesson, and my height has increased by half an inch. I consider it is very good, because I have not grown at all for about two years. I am now going strong."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.



RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

("Old Hand" did the hat trick last week in his special one-horse wires, by giving winners on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.—ED.)

Except to note that Aldegond has shortened considerably in price since last week, and that the extended odds being offered against Shogun have not yet induced a great number of people to rush in and support him, the Derby calls for no comment. It might interest you, though, to know that one very prominent layer has expressed his willingness to lay even money to a considerable sum that Mr. Hulton's colt does not finish in the first four, and since the man in question is an exceptionally good judge, this fact may be worth bearing in mind.

Although it does not fall until late in the week, the Manchester Cup is the most important, and therefore the first, race with which we have to deal, and finding the winner is rather a perplexing problem. I do not propose to go into the credentials of all the likely runners here, as no useful purpose would be served thereby, so will only touch on those that appear to me to hold a reasonable winning chance.

Providing he has not earned a penalty in the interim, Maiden Eriagh, although he has the useful burden of nine stone to shoulder, must be taken into consideration, as must Hector, since on their St. Leger running there is very little between these two. Scots Saint has improved to such a great extent, and has done everything that has been asked of him so easily this season, that there is no telling how good he is at the moment; but I am rather inclined to question whether he is up to the standard of the two mentioned before him. Still, he is one that I feel certain will not be easily beaten.

Lorenzo ran very well in the Chester Cup, and providing he puts it all in here, will be a difficult one to beat. Of the middle weights, I have most liking for Major Symons, to whom I intend sticking until he does win a good race, as he is almost certain to. He may not be quite equal to winning here, but he will run well. I don't see anything amongst the lower division likely to spring a surprise, and do not think I can do better than recommend the support of

SCOTS SAINT,

who should be backed each way.

At Hurst Park to-day, if Craganour goes for the Whitsuntide Plate, it would be needless to look further for the winner, but there is a possibility of him not seeing the post, in which case Sanquhar looks an equally good thing.

The Monday Plate will, I think, be won by Evening who has been close up in each of her last two races. There should be plenty of scope for speculation in the Handicap, which will attract a useful field of animals. he could be depended upon to get away on equal terms. I should name Beaurepaire as being likely to recover some of the money that has been dropped over him this season, but as there is a danger of him standing still when the rises, I must pass him over in favour of Lavolt, who is genuinely fancied for the Lincoln.

More to the liking of Emerald Ring than the distance of the Metropolitan should be the mile and five furlongs of the Walton Handicap, for which race he looks a fairly good thing, whilst in the Vyner Handicap I like the chance of Barbarian immensely.

Presuming the absence of the more prominent of Derby candidates from the field for the Yearling Plate on Tuesday, I shall look for the success of Meeting House for the Durham Handicap I like nothing better than Rock, second in the Great Metropolitan. The Three-Year-Old Maiden Plate may go to FitzJames.

At Wolverhampton on Monday, although he has plenty of weight, Election should prove equal to taking the Silver Gold Cup, though he may find a tough opponent in The Albrighton Selling Welter will not take much much and here again the top weight—Knight's Pearl—may go through.

On the second day Barrier, if sent, holds a good chance of getting her head in front in the Whitsuntide Handicap. This is a very speedy filly, and if failing here should be followed.

On the first day at Redcar back Camille's Mint to win the Eston Maiden Plate, and Playman for the Saltburn Year-Old Handicap in the probable absence of Agapanth and on Tuesday Mint Eve in the Skelton Handicap and Slash Lane for the Langbaugh Welter.

My remaining selections for the week are as follows:

MANCHESTER—Wednesday.

Carlton Plate: Meeting House.
Whitsuntide Plate: Melton Flier.
Castle Irwell Plate: Evening Pleasure.
Trial Handicap: St. Neots.

MANCHESTER—Thursday.

Broughton Welter: Talana Hill.
Rothschild Plate: Wild Ben.
Beaufort Handicap: Master Hopson.
Two-Mile Handicap: Annecy.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE CAN EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

BIG PRIZES FOR RACING SKILL. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

Ladies are just as interested in horses as men, therefore our Racing Skill Contest should be of equal attraction to either sex, especially when there is such a bumper attached to it.

Everything to Win. Nothing to Lose.

in connection with this contest we offer

£500 First Prize

This big sum of money will be paid to the person who correctly forecasts the winners, by filling in, in the coupon printed on the back page, the name of the horse against each race given in the coupon. Like the man who goes racing, you must carefully study the form of horses.

This is what the successful race goer does and this is what you must do if you wish to pocket our £500. If no one correctly forecasts the winners of all the races, then during the remainder of the Flat Racing Season

£1 a week will be paid to the person whose coupon is nearest correct.

I think I can safely say Epsom is the most popular race meeting of the year, and I have, therefore, chosen the Epsom races for the Competition, so as to give my readers a better chance.

Some of the Entries for the races given in the coupon are published on the back page. You should carefully study the form of the horses taking part in these important fixtures, and fill in against each race the name of the horse you consider, in your judgment, will win the race. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,

And they must reach our offices not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Let every reader test his or her racing skill and win this huge money prize.

THE CONDITIONS AND COUPON APPEAR ON THE BACK PAGE.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

For several years it has been a common practice with City men to wear a black lounge coat with a silk hat. The fashion is spreading to other quarters.

Many M.P.'s, among them Colonel Lockwood, who is always smart and debonair, have adopted it. After all, when a man is continually rushing about division lobbies, or lounging on benches, he does not want to be bothered with a frock or morning coat, which, moreover, would soon get spoiled.

What is rather remarkable, however, is the fact that West End clubmen and Bond Street loungers are taking to the City style.

"B.M." (Birmingham) asks whether it is true that Oxford University undergraduates are a badly dressed lot? On the whole, yes.

Their regulation costume consists of a negligé or flannel shirt, a Norfolk jacket with the band undone, and old and baggy flannel trousers. That is, during working hours, for many of them turn out smartly in the evening, while the Oxonian is usually spick and span when he comes to town.

The correct collar for wear with evening dress is the wing collar with small points.

A correspondent asks what is a fair price for a pair of white flannel trousers. You can get a good pair for twenty-five shillings, but for a pair that will last a life-time and never shrink the decimal of an inch, two guineas is not out of the way.

If you haven't a coat-hanger the back of a round-backed chair is not a bad substitute.

But a coat-hanger is quite inexpensive, and greatly prolongs the "life" of a coat.

The Prince of Wales, like his father, is decidedly conservative in his dress, and always avoids extremes of fashion.

He will have nothing to do with the "nut" style of wearing gloves unbuttoned. Here his Royal Highness is to be congratulated on his taste, for there is nothing to recommend such slovenliness.

White flannel overcoats are the thing for lawn-tennis "cracks."

Lots of men, however, wear them who do not play lawn-tennis but a game known variously as "pat-ball," or "bumble-puppy."

Braid for morning coats is fashionable, but it must be of the best quality and altogether inconspicuous.

Straw hats age quickly through not being brushed as frequently and carefully as a "topper."

For summer wear pearl-grey trousers go admirably with a morning coat. They should not be turned up.

F.G. (Liverpool) inquires whether his shirt cuffs should be square or rounded. He can please himself, but at present the preference is for slightly rounded cuffs.

White silk ties are coming into favour again.

There is a rumour, still unconfirmed, that an army tailor has died a poor man.

The multitude, of course, wears what it likes, but the silk hat and frock or morning coat is still the correct wear for the Derby.

One's success in life depends very largely upon one's will-power. As a successful and at the same time simple means of educating and strengthening the will, we know no better method than that of the St. Settef Course of Will-Culture. We cordially recommend this admirable system to our readers.

A MEANS TO SUCCESS.

MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

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Mr. Revell, of Middleton, Suffolk, bought a cycle from me ten years ago, and writes:—"During most of the time I had it I rode over 400 MILES a week. The total distance and my friends covered was no less than 166,000 MILES." This is the kind of cycle I sell. I supply

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send one of Coventry's highest-grade cycles on ten days approval so that you can examine it at your leisure in your own home. I guarantee you perfect satisfaction or refund your money in full. Many Thousands of Testimonials.

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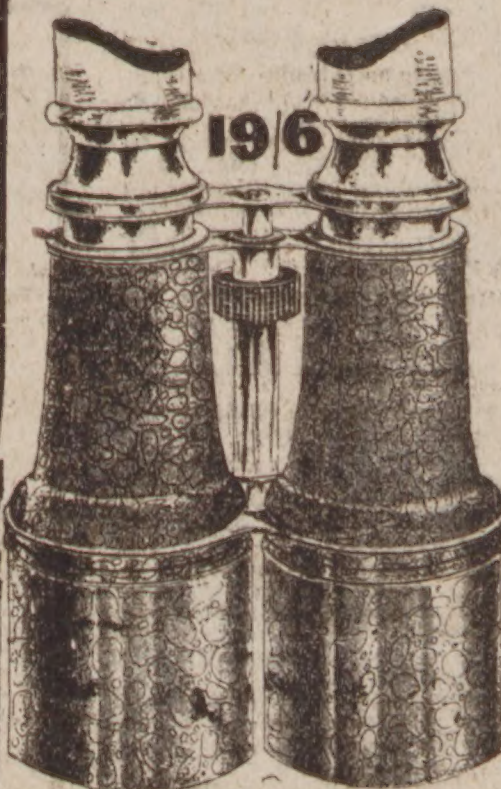
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Will bring all the details of a distant view close to your eye, fitted with eye guards, and movable shades, for protecting lenses, and shading your view from sun or rain. A splendid glass to take on your holiday, the "Majestic" will stand any amount of hard wear, and will multiply a hundred fold the pleasures of your holiday. Screw adjustment can easily be adjusted to suit any sight. Extends to length of over 8 inches. The favourite of Army and Navy Men. Supplied with strong Black Leather Case and strap complete. A strong and good-looking Field Glass at a remarkably low price, 19/6.

QUAGGERED AT THE LOW PRICE.

73, Becklow Road, Shepherds Bush, W.

Mr. Masters. Dear Sir.—The Glasses have been tested from the Big Wheel at Earl's Court, having a wide scope with good results; but with objects of short range (say 5 miles) St. Paul's and the Abbey at Westminster, can be brought quite close. I have shown the Glasses to many of my comrades, who seemed staggered at the price.

Yours faithfully, C. J. STARES.

EASY TERMS. Masters' Easy Terms allow you to enjoy the use of these glasses while paying for them; simply send 2/6 now and "Majestic" glasses are sent you, pay 2/6 on delivery and 3/- monthly. J. N. MASTERS, Ltd., 85, Hope Street, Rye, Sussex.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 11.

OUR RACING CONTEST.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE HORSES ENTERED IN EVENTS SELECTED.

In this issue we give a list of some of the entries for the races which we have chosen for our great skill competition. The remainder will appear as soon as they are available, but we do not propose to give the entries for either the Derby or Oaks, as no useful purpose would be served thereby. The probable starters for these two events will be known in plenty of time for competitors to make their selections.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd

The Egmont Plate.—Five furlongs.—Flowerjug, Poor Boy, Polymela, Eastern Rose, Favilla, Rath Hurley, Double Six, Panasine, Fly by Night, Miramichi, Levanger, Absurd, Golden Sun, Privilege, Irrigation, Biter Bit, Miss Douglas, Mountain Finch, Neville Holt, Catiline, Lespedesa, Master Hopson, Sea Fairy, Duke of Padua, Iron Duke, Garryhoe, Forward III., Bonnie Bird, Thelma's Amulet, Sunningdale, Scintillator, Simile, Throsga, Orama, Minehead, Mix Up, Questa II.

The Epsom Plate.—Seven furlongs.—Talana Hill, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Cabaret, Spanish Prince, White Star, Diadumenos, Cuthbert, Alga, Chancellor II., Court Cards, Bachelor's Tax, Royal Sym, Cheleken, Dundrum, Grania, Ambush, Outram, Mercutio, Daly's, Lesto, Choice, High Rock.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Stewards' Handicap (mile and 44 yards).—St. Meriadoc, Killadoon, Augur, Albion, St. Begoe, Political, Lovewood, Bilberry, Duke of Tipperary, Irrigation, Oselle, Durbar, At Last, Spean Bridge, Drawbridge, Amador, Bolo, Ocydrome, Felizardo, Pandean, Cabaret, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Sun Yat, Fire Finch, Poyeton, Get Up, Apennine, Poulette, Chain Armour, Thistleton, Maycup, Charlton, Burning Daylight, Happy Fanny, Percival Keene, Early Girl, Dundrum, Inconstant George, Coronetta, Workgirl, Choice, Whroo, High Rock, Sirabia, Mille Fleur's, Sea View, Otter, St. Julian, Lock Earn, Erl King, Dissension, Mix Up, Stung Again, Chancery, Sermond, Campanile.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

The Coronation Cup (the Derby Course, about one mile and a half).—Tracery, M. Caillault's sealed nom., Tuxedo, Etheric, Stedfast, Sweeper II., Shannon, Aleppo, Cigar, Lomond, Long Set, Maiden Erlegh, Lance Chest, Santa Bellis, Bachelor's Hope, Oiseau Bleu, Prince Palatine, Lorenzo, Cyl ene More, Gorgorito, La Boheme II, Warlingham, Adam Bede, Sir Martin

The Royal Stakes (six furlongs, on the New Course).—Spanish Prince, White Star, Castleton, Ask Papa, Wynbury, Cigar, Blackcap, Quantock, Great Surprise, Harmonicon, Meeting House, Borrow, Mediator, Martynia, Zebre, G.P., Sir Martin, Ma'ona, Hornet's Beauty, Mountain Fairy, Grammont, The Dodger, Poor Boy, Mix Up, Ardigon, Erl King, Bonnie Bird, Wise Symon, Halaton, Canonite, Wrack, Garryhoe, Orama, Bullfinch.

The Durdan's Plate (a mile and a quarter and 66 yards).—Pintadeau, Bonbon Rose, Diadumenos, Jaegar, Oiseau Bleu, Lance Chest, Cap and Gown, Agapanthus, Miltzin, Mustapha, Mordred, Lorenzo, Jack Saw, Molly's Birthday, Blue Stone, Beaurepaire, Lomond, Thistleton, Eton Boy, Outram, Fantasio, Halberd, Daly's, Drinmore, Avernus, Wilfred, Choice, Girl of the West, Goliath, Hampton Court II, Bachelor's Hope, Chill II.

CONDITIONS TO BE COMPLIED WITH IN OUR RACING COMPETITION

On this page is given an entry form containing the name of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, and for the first prize of £500 you have to fill in against each race the name of one of the horses entered for the race. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing all the correct results of the races given in the coupon we will award the sum of £500. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results during the remainder of the Flat Racing season. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasure or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Fill in against each race the name of the horse you forecast to win.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, Racing Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct results of all the races run, but if the whole of the twelve races are not run or if any one of the races is a walk over the £500 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct results, £1 a week during the remainder of the Flat Racing season will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

READERS' SALE OR EXCHANGE

"Curlolena": Your appearance can be improved by a of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena" 1s. 1d. post free; two bottles 2s.—M. Fergusson, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For ladies or gentlemen.

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Address—CHARLES GORDON, No. 24, GORDONHOLME DISPENSARY, BRADFORD, YORK (Registered). (Copyright).

"MODERN LIFE" RACING CONTEST.

Races to be run on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Fill in against each race the name of the horse to win

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

Craven Stakes (1m. 44yds.)

Epsom Plate (7f.)

Egmont Plate (5f.)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th.

Derby Stakes (1m. 4f. 29yds.)

Steward's Handicap (1m. 44yds.)

Epsom Town Plate (6f.)

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.

Royal Stakes (6f.)

Coronation Cup (1m. 4f.)

Durdan's Handicap (1m. 2f. 66yds.)

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

Belmont Handicap (6f.)

Oaks Stakes (1m. 4f.)

Chipstead Handicap (1m. 44yds.)

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in Modern Life.

Signature

Address